October 2011.

Kari had been mostly sober for over a year. Sometimes we partied, but mostly we were good and I was trying hard to show her we could have a fun time without doing some kind of stuff. We were comfortable enough around each other to not need it, and had been together for 8 years. In the years I had known her she had really changed. She seemed younger than when I met her! She often asked me how I put up with her in the old days... that she acted so dumb and crazy. It was kind of true... we were closer than ever, but we weren't a couple. Sometimes we talked about it, but there were things that kept me from taking that leap... something would always happen that pushed me back from the brink. After 8 years, you would think we would have figured most of this stuff out, but the dynamic of our relationship was always changing... We were best friends... with benefits. But there was always more. I wanted more. She wanted more. It makes me crazy to think about it. I didn't think she felt those things for me, and more than that, I worried that she would break my heart. I didn't tell her this, because that would let her know that she had that power and I wasn't ready for that, either! I guess I was being a dude... but typically I'm NOT a dude... a strange thing for a guy to say, I know... but I'm just Sean. The kind of guy that is fearless when it comes to showing his soft side... ok, sure... my feminine side. She always said I was the most manly guy she ever knew, because I wasn't scared to be whatever I felt like at the time. I'd like to think she was right.

She had a job as a medical assistant at a place called Pony Bird, which was a home for chronic cases... people who were tragically disabled and had to be institutionalized. But she loved them. She talked about her patients all the time, and even had pictures of her favorites, even though that wasn't allowed. She had such compassion for these people and I saw another side of her that I adored. She hadn't been playing in a band for a while, but we talked about it. She was content to record songs with me and pick up the odd gig that I would book for us at a small club. Sometimes we would sing at kareoke nights or jam sessions. She told me that she was teaching a music class to her kids at the home, the ones that were capable of doing it, and they loved it! They loved HER! She showed me the birthday card they all signed... and a recording of all of them singing a song she had taught them. She used the pro-tools program that I had given her to make a professional

recording of them and their parents thought she was amazing. Like the times we sang at the nursing homes. I was really proud of her and her gigantic heart.

October 11th, around 2pm.

“Hey baby!”

“Hey there!”

“I was just riding my bike and of course I thought about you, because of all those times you tried to get me to ride with you. You should see me go up those hills now! I’m really starting to like the bike!”

“I was thinking about you today. Kinda miss you. We need to get a gig together and record.”

“Yea, sorry, I’ve been busy at this job, this week. I’m off tonight, though.”

“Cool, I have a few ideas.”

“You always do! I don’t think we’ve ever recorded one song that was shit.”

“Yea… well, you have a way of saving a session and making a shit song sound friggen great!”

“Aw man… I’m so bummed.”

“Why?”

“I broke my vibrator!”

“awww! So THAT’s why you called me!”

“Haha! No... well... maybe, now that you mention it! haha”

“I knew it!”

“If I come over, can you do me a favor and take me to Pet Smart? My ferrets need some medicine and we don’t have one here.”

“Sure! Oh, and you know what’s next to pet smart?”

“what?”

“Pure pleasure! The sex shop!”

“Oh REALLY?”

“yea... so I guess we oughta stop by there too... and you know... buy some sex!”

“You don’t have to do that, Sean”

“Well... since we don’t live together, I don’t want you to get desperate when I’m not around!”

“aww... you’re so nice!”

“Yea... just don’t get anything that will put me out of a job! I feel like I’m buying you my replacement!”

“No... nothing compares to the real thing, babe.”

“good! So I’ve been thinking... we should start playing these songs out that you and I recorded. They’re actually great. And if we played them we’d get better at playing them and we could make more songs... basically I want to get you in my band!”

“I’m gonna start soon. I can’t not play out. I just feel really self conscious... I gained almost 30 pounds after rehab, maybe more, I’m afraid to weigh myself. None of my stage clothes even fit anymore. It’s really depressing, because I was skinny for so long, and I have so many cute outfits... AGH! I’m so pissed... that’s why I was riding my bike today.”

“Baby... I think you’re the sexiest girl I’ve ever seen. A lot people think that, not just me. You’ll be fine... you ARE fine. FUCKIN FIIIII-NE! Ok... we’ll hit Pet smart, Pure pleasure, and then we’ll head to the mall and find you a stage dress... cool?”

“Why are you so nice to me, Sean?”

“What? You want an actual reason? haha. I’m proud of you. You’ve gotten away from that shit and stayed clean... you’re like my best friend! And you know... all the hippie smut!”

“hahaha... hippie smut!? Is that what it is?”

“No... I just like the way it sounds... so hurry up and get over here. We got a lot of things to do... and each other!”

Kari often told me that benzo’s were the worst addiction she ever had. That it lingered more than an other. It was the one thing she couldn’t shake, no matter how long. Even a year out, she was still feeling the effects of that addiction. She took so much for a while, and I felt terrible for her. I didn’t know about addiction at this point in my life and I had a hard time understanding a lot of it, even though I tried and I listened to her. It was her first serious addiction and I tried to steer her away from it, even if we were still doing other stuff... like blow. We did that once in a while and usually with a few pain pills to take the edge off. Just no benzo’s. And she was doing ok. We were rock stars and we wanted to act the part, now and then. Stupid as that sounds... and I was someone she could have fun with, without letting it run the show. I wouldn’t let her spiral down like before. Not on my watch. She was really such an amazing girl, especially when she as sober and feeling everything. She was sweet and shy and seemed a little insecure... like someone who had been a stranger in her own skin... and she had put on a few pounds, as is common to folks on the mend, but she still was adorable... I endeavored to make her feel like a princess again. I took her to the mall and bought her a stage dress that she still has here, and we went by Spencers’ gifts and I found some fake poo!

She followed me in and looked at me like I was crazy.

“Why the hell did you buy fake poo?!”

“EVERYONE NEEDS FAKE POO! You’ll see... this will be the best $5 I ever spent!”

We then went to pure pleasure, and bought some adult toys, a nice new high RPM gold toned vibe and a bottle of warming gel-lube... and then to Pet Smart for ferret medicine and food.

While she was looking for her ferrets’ stuff I put the fake poo in the large bulk cat litter bin. An employee came by and walked past it... got about five feet away and stopped dead... turned around and did a double-take and said "AW HAIL NO!" and went to get his friend... she came over and exclaimed “OH MY GOD!!!” And so they got ANOTHER friend, and when they all came back, IT WAS GONE! Now we're over in the ferret isle holding our stomachs! Laughing so damn hard... they then went and got SCOTT the manager to come over... and we heard the girl ask him... "Scott?... Hey Scott?”

“yes?”

“Did you take that poop?"

“uuuh? You’re asking me if I pooped?”

"Noooo! haha... the poop that was in the litter bin... did you take it?!"

Scott was kind of put off by this line of questioning... apparently he HAD heard correctly...

"no... I didn't take any .... POOP"... the four of them all looked very confused.

“Ray saw it first, right?”

“yeaa! It was a poop in the bulk litter bin!”

“I didn’t see it.”

“It was GONE when Tom looked!”

“Have there been any animals in here?”

“NOOO! That’s the weird thing! Did something sneak in here and poop in the bin?”

“And then steal it back?? Come on!”

Kari and I made our way up to the cash register and waited for them to finish their talk, trying to keep straight faces. Finally the girl came up and was still looking very concerned and confused... you could tell the wheels were turning...

I paid her and as we walked out I reached in my pocket and pulled out the fake poo...

"oh... sorry, I think I dropped this earlier"... and we walked out with the girl screaming "OH MY GOD! YOU GOT US! RAY! RAY! It WAS FAKE POOP!!"

“You kiddin??”

“Scott!! it was fake”-

-and the door closed behind us.

Kari was laughing her head off... and it was the first time in probably years I had seen her so happy... It was so nice to hear her laughing... bursting into spontaneous snickers every few minutes as we drove back... we came to my big, familiar old house and goofed around and played guitars for a while.

I pulled out my video camera and filmed her. I rarely ever took pics or movies of us, because I was bashful about pictures, unless I was playing on stage... and even then it was hard for me to watch... And she was too, but I couldn’t resist how cute and happy she was... and she played it up for me. The one person in the world she would trust to film her... not thinking anyone would ever see it. And it’s her. The girl I loved even back then. It was obvious. And it’s the girl no one will ever know or see like this. And that’s why it’s here. I’ve thought about it, and it’s too cute to not be in the book. It’s only 40 seconds, and it is little adult in theme... and she would probably hate me for it. Not because of the adult theme, because she was chubby at the time. She lost a lot of weight later and her face slimmed a lot... she wouldn’t give a shit about the sexual content. She was an open book about that!

It breaks my heart every time I watch it. No one will ever know the person I knew... I was her biggest fan, and she was mine. We connected on a level that few people get to and I “got” her. I’m so glad I helped her realize that there was life after Ned and her addiction. That life goes on and she could have what she wanted, laugh and love again and not have to settle or grieve for the rest of her life. It’s hard to imagine that we weren’t a couple, yet. We weren’t even exclusive. I remember thinking... if she would just say right things to me now I would jump in with both feet... but that would be a few years off. For now, we were lovers and best friends. But we were always Kari and Sean.

This song was recorded later that night. I guess we were in a sexy mood. She asked me what I had in mind. I said that I had always pictured her singing the song Satisfaction. That Mick Jagger probably got more sex than anyone back then, and not that he couldn't relate... but a WOMAN probably could sing that song with more honesty and conviction. She didn't really know if it would work... but I told her my ideas for arrangement... and that we would take the lyrics and make them a little more graphic and sexy... and when I laid down my instrument tracks she was way into it. Just another night with us trying to change the world with our music. I'll probably go back and make this tighter, but this is the version we pushed out in about three hours time. Kari and Sean doing Satisfaction, in October 2011.